

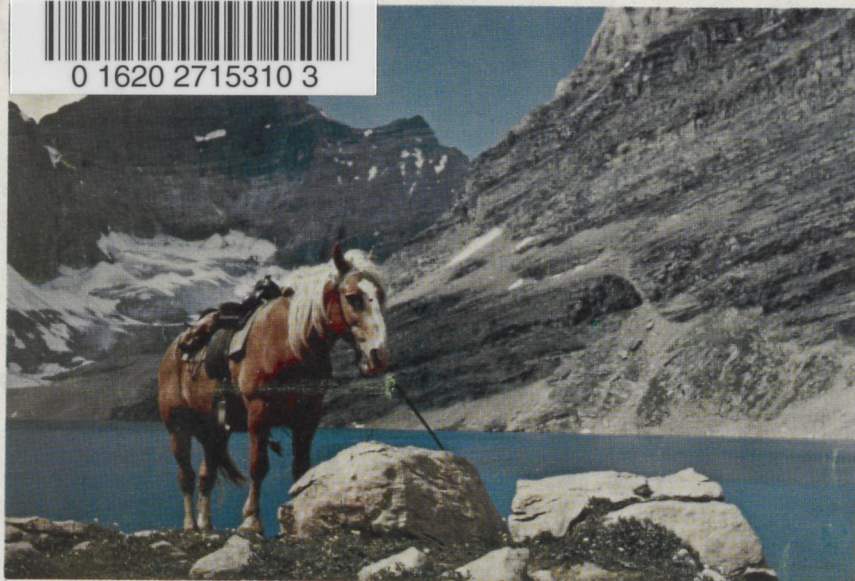
THE TRAIL RIDERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES
"GOLDEN ISSUE" OF THE

BULLETIN

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"Pal" at McArthur Lake, Yoho National Park - 1961

(M. S. Lore)



Irene and "Lucky" on Harvey Pass looking toward Assiniboine area - 1952

(M. S. Lore)

PALLISER PASS for the TRAIL RIDERS

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY RIDES in BANFF NATIONAL PARK, SW of Banff.

50th Annual Trail Rides - Seven 6-day rides - \$170.00 per person.

Ride #1, Sunday July 8 to Friday, July 13, 1973.
Ride #2, Sunday July 15 to Friday July 20, 1973.
Ride #3, Sunday July 22 to Friday July 27, 1973.
Ride #4, Sunday July 29 to Friday August 3, 1973.
Ride #5, Sunday August 5 to Friday August 10, 1973.
Ride #6, Sunday August 12 to Friday August 17, 1973.
Ride #7, Sunday August 19 to Friday August 24, 1973.

The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies will hold their base camp near the meadows of the Upper Spray River, some thirty five miles south of Banff, Alberta. A leisurely 12 mile ride to the base camp and center of activities from the trailhead corral is done on the first day.

1973 OFFICERS OF THE TRAIL RIDERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

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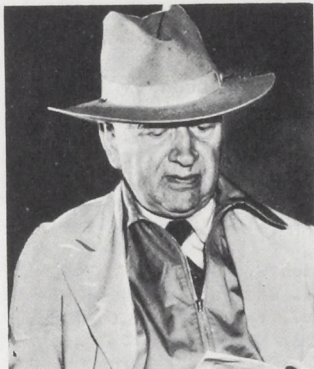
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Dr. Murray GIBBON,
Rider, Hiker, Author,
and Organizer.

The late Dr. John Murray GIBBON, founder of the Trail Riders in 1923, and the Skyline Trail Hikers in 1933, died at the age of 72, July 2nd, 1952. His ashes are in the 'old' Banff Cemetery.

He was General Publicity Agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway for many years. He served as the Secretary-Treasurer of both associations as well as being the Bulletin Editor at various times for the associations. His Stoney Indian friends paid tribute to him by bestowing upon him their chieftan title, "Chief Man-of-Many Sides" in 1944. Then the Geological Survey of Canada named the pass between Twin Lakes and Shadow Lake, "GIBBON PASS" in 1929 (7500' elevation). A modest but rock-type marker identifies the pass at the top. The Historic Sites and Monuments Branch of Canada erected a cairn to his memory in 1955 near the main chalet at the Banff School of Fine Arts, now known

as the Banff Centre. Mrs. Murray Gibbon died about ten years later. Surviving the parents is a daughter, Ann, who lives in England. His sons are John and Phillip and they live in Eastern Canada.

Although the idea of the Trail Ride came about in 1923, the first rides actually took place in 1924 and began with travelling rides with the campsites being moved each day. In 1957 the riders had four rides a season instead of one or two. In 1969 was found necessary to increase the number of rides to five and in 1971, there were seven rides during the months of July and August.

The riders had 185 registered riders attend the 1970 camps; 285 in 1971 and 254 in 1972. It is hoped to have a full house in 1973 which could mean about 280 to 300 riders as 35 to 40 makes for a comfortable number on a trail ride.

The Skyline Trail Hikers will be camping in the Assiniboine Area, and have three five-day hikes. Information can be obtained from their Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. D. Hawkes, P.O. Box 5905, Postal Station "A", Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2H 1Y4.

This bulletin has been supported and shared by both the Trail Riders and the Skyline Hikers since independence from the C.P.R. in 1961, with the first issue appearing in Winter, 1962. However, due to financial circumstances, the Hikers will not be receiving this 1973 issue of the bulletin nor is there any material in it for and from them.

The Bulletin is a costly item as all publications are at the present time and each bulletin will cost the trail rider association \$1.35 each which will include postage and envelop. How much longer the Trail Riders Association will be able to support such a bulletin will depend on the profits from trail rides.

I attempted in 1961 to resurrect the publication which the C.P.R. had been able to supply to us, but our associations jointly could only put out one issue per year. With some contributions from the membership, and my efforts we have had an annual bulletin. This is Bulletin No. 12 and the last one with me as your editor. I thank you for your support.

Mary S. Lore, Editor.

SOMETIMES HORSE ODOURS ARE JUST NOT ACCEPTABLE

By Eva Moody, Victoria, B.C.

On account of a scheduled Mexican holiday I wished to reach Lake Louise before my fellow Canadian Rocky Mountain Trail Riders. Therefore, on the final day the main group went one way, and I joined the pack-train on its twenty-mile rush down the Pipestone. It was a fast and interesting ride, and incidentally, as is customary with pack-trains, the lone rest period was called for the benefit of the horses.

After the animals were corralled, I arrived at the railway station happy, tired, dust-covered, bushy-haired, and my feet seemed to flap. A rest and clean-up was indicated -- but the trains were four hours late. Before I could use a comb or a drop of water a delayed train rolled in, and obviously I had to climb aboard.

I changed my ticket, rushed to the pacing conductor, waved the First Class ticket, and requested a roomette. He hesitated, pondered, hesitated, and again pondered; finally he guided me to a sparsely occupied coach, and left me until he could locate a roomette.

The fellow passengers seemed pleasant and friendly; we smiled at each other -- and I fell asleep. It was not long before the conductor poked me awake, pointed to the washroom and sternly said: "GET CLEANED-UP!".

I got the message. Undoubtedly my dishevelled appearance discouraged social acceptance, and the wafting horsey-odours were pungent, objectionable and alien to my fellow passengers.

In complete privacy I washed my hair, scrubbed and scrubbed in several waters until the storage tank ran dry -- and then changed. The conductor smiled his approval and proffered a cigarette; I paid for a roomette, and peacefully slept while the train rolled on.

Oh yes! the six-day trail ride was marvellous, the pack-train experience was interesting, the train episode was different, and the three-week Mexican holiday was a success.

* * * * *

A BEAR? A BEAR? IN CAMP?

What happens when a tent occupied by females is wakened by intense sniffing and snuffing outside the teepee? The supports and teepee poles were brushed and shifted slightly. Someone whispered, "Is it a bear?" No one moved, only trembled, but we continued to whisper and noted the teepee continued to tremble also. Finally either the tension was too great for one member or that person had more courage than the rest of us, anyway she let out a yell. In the next moment, the teepee almost fell down, there was a surprised snort, and a clatter -- and three horses retreated to graze elsewhere. (by Eva Moody)

THE SOUNDS OF NATURE AND THE QUIET OF NIGHT

A lady who enjoyed watching the stars, sounds of the running creek, used to spend a few minutes meditating with nature after the evening campfire, was so involved by the Skoki Creek, when all of a sudden her meditation was interrupted by the loud snort and sneeze of a horse who was immediately across the narrow creek. (Ed.)

The evening of March 8, 1973, was the occasion of the fourteenth annual round-up, and the Gas Company auditorium was bursting at the seams when over two hundred and fifty Skyline Hikers and Trail Riders gathered for the annual affair. As always it was an enjoyable time of renewing friendships, reminiscing over past trips and making plans for future ones.

Lois Laycraft, representing the Riders and Lou Shulman from the Hikers shared "emceeing" duties and introduced their respective executives, out-of-town guests as well as the Brewster staff. For the occasion of the Trail Riders' Fiftieth Anniversary greetings were read from N. R. "Buck" Crump, retired C. P. R. president and former Trail Ride president. Also messages came from Norman Bell, Sr. Vice-President from Gormley, Ontario and our Bulletin Editor, Mary Lore.

Linda Read Hawkins presented a touching tribute to our beloved Uncle Ray Bagley who died on February 14th. (The text of this appears elsewhere in the Bulletin.)

To commemorate the Golden Anniversary of the Trail Riders two unique mementos have been commissioned. Bunny Robinson displayed an enlarged drawing of an enamel pin which she has designed for members to purchase this year. Malcolm MacKenzie showed us the first bronze casting of a limited edition sculpture he is making available for Trail Riders. This beautiful six-inch model of a pack horse is truly a labour of love on the part of this famous Western artist because "Mac's" bronzes are in great demand and command high prices across the continent.

Tom Royen, Chairman of the Hikers' Executive Committee, assisted by Jack Crossley, showed beautiful slides of the Mount Assiniboine area where the hikers will be this summer. Dr. Bruce Hatfield showed slides of the 1972 trip into Shadow Lake and his hilarious comments kept the audience delightfully entertained.

A friendly social hour followed with coffee and doughnuts (making us long for a cup of Esther's old "black magic" around a blazing campfire in the canvas "donut"!) Dennis Orr's background music on the accordion had everyone counting the weeks 'til "trail time in the Rockies" once more!

* * * * *

OFFICE OF THE PREMIER OF THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA, Edmonton, Alberta
TO THE TRAIL RIDERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

I am very pleased to have this opportunity to congratulate the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies for their achievements spanning the last fifty years.

My family have a long standing interest in this organization and some of them participated in the first rides in 1924. I feel that today with the increasing availability of leisure time and a greater consciousness of the need to preserve and enjoy our environment, your organization has an even greater contribution to make.

Please accept my sincere best wishes for continued growth of the Trail Riders in the years to come.

Peter Lougheed

(Ed.note - the names of Lady Lougheed and Miss Dorothy Lougheed appear on the passenger list of 1924, being the Premier's grandmother and aunt.)

HALEAKALA ON HORSEBACK

by

Loise Laycraft

I have been to the "House of the Sun" on horseback! This immense crater called "Haleakala" by the Hawaiians is situated on the island of Maui near the town of Lahaina where I was staying last Easter. Legend has it that the sun was once lassoed by Maui, the demigod and had to plead for his life. Maui consented to free him if he would promise to go more slowly across the heavens. So to this day, the sun is careful to go slowly each day, and the great mountain is called the "House of the Sun". It must have been travelling especially slowly the day I rode in because we saw it only rarely and it was eventually swallowed by fog.

There are no roads into the crater but several good trails exist and cabins on the floor are maintained by the U. S. Parks Service. The park is patrolled by rangers on horseback and hikers and riders are admonished to stick to trails, both for their own protection and to prevent erosion of the fragile landscape. The past few years have brought many "hippies" into the area with the resultant locking of the cabins which must now be reserved and paid for long in advance. Several letters prior to my trip brought frustrating results, so when I finally found an outfitter it was too late to arrange an overnight trip.

I almost got to go in with a party of seven Hawaiian wild goat hunters who were going in for three days with government permits to reduce the wild goat population, but my mother and son were not impressed with this idea - so missed another of life's great opportunities!

Our small party consisted of a young couple from California who had never been on horseback, myself and an amiable Hawaiian guide, Steve Boteilho. I had an excellent horse named, "Hoho" and thank goodness she was sure-footed because I have never been on such a scary trail in my life. It switch - backed two thousand feet down the seemingly sheer crater wall! To keep my mind off the possible rapid descent we could conceivably make, I closely examined the exotic tropical growth on the near bank. It is lucky I could see anything because I think my eyes had crossed with the sheer tension of it all.

It was a relief to reach the crater floor and canter across a grassy patch before reaching the cinder path which wound through incredible twisted rock formations. The weird "other world" quality and the silence reminded me of Iceland where I went pony trekking a few years ago. Some of the lava formations were very similar but instead of the colorful Icelandic lichens to brighten the scene we saw the strange Silversword cactus. These plants are unique to a few Hawaiian volcanic craters and the silver-grey stalks were dramatic against purple and orange cinders.

Several curious landmarks were pointed out..."Piko Puka" where long ago the Hawaiian mothers of Maui threw the umbilical cords of their newborn babies to insure their long life...a "Bottomless Pit" with a more recent tragic history and now roped off to prevent fool-hardy tourists from venturing too close. Another was "Pele's Pig Pen" where obviously the goddess kept some of her livestock!

We stopped for lunch at the Holua cabin and were grateful to find that Steve had brought traditional long yellow slickers for us. Fog seemed to come all around us very suddenly and it emphasized the vast empty awesomeness of Haleakala. Steve decided it might last all day and

Haleakala on Horseback....continued

would be too dangerous to try to find our way across the floor and up the "Sliding Sands" trail to the Observatory at the 10,000 foot level. So nose to tail we went and I was just as terrified as my young friends who were inexperienced on horses, as the horses picked their way back up the steep, winding Halemau trail. I literally could not see beyond the ears of Hoho for fog. I could not help thinking I should have taken out flight insurance for my boys, because surely any minute we would plummet over the edge.

But we didn't! That wonderful Hoho made her careful way to the top and the dazzling Hawaiian sun waited in welcome...moving of course very slowly across the heavens!

* * * * *

TRAIL RIDE PERSONALITY

Mrs. J. R. (Bunny) Robinson of Calgary, found her way to a trail ride in 1942 and has attended annually with the exception of four trail ride years since that time. She recalls there were 81 dudes on the 1942 ride and it was the last progressive campsite ride to be held by the riders. She recalls the many Indian cowboys among the crew of those years.

Bunny enjoys the rides tremendously and she says it is the greatest place to be able to identify with oneself, other people and the great mountain scenery. The treasures of the trail ride years to Bunny are the many very wonderful friends she has made on trail rides and particularly friends she made on the early rides. Bunny likes horses and of course fine companions of the trail are horses as well as people.

Bunny has painted teepees since 1962 for trail rides. She studies authentic Indian history and comes up with designs for the teepees which have a direct relationship to Indian lore. At times she has thought that perhaps the designs are a bit large and too colorful for teepees but she finds that trail ride dwellers enjoy and appreciate living in a brightly painted teepee. This appreciation makes the labor of creative art and the task of getting the teepees actually painted and dried worthwhile.

Bunny was one of the four, along with Lou Shulman, Mary Lore and Howard Watkins who got together following the receipt of a mimeographed sheet which announced that the C.P.R. had found it necessary to relinquish the sponsorship of the Trail Riders and Skyline Hikers. The decision was made at a Budget Meeting and was to take effect immediately in June, 1961. Plans were made to contact riders and hikers and contact Brewsters and the C.P.R. This was the beginning of the two associations becoming independent self-administering associations.

Bunny was president of the Trail Riders in 1963 and has acted as camp emcee on several occasions. She was presented with an Honorary Life Membership in 1967 by the Association in recognition of the many extras she has performed through the years to make the association more special.

Some of her favourite riding areas are Assiniboine and the Wolverine Plateau. In September, 1972 Bunny had the privilege of attending a private ride and being on Wolverine Plateau in a snowstorm and she said she could imagine what it must have been like in July, 1923, when a similar storm delayed Murray Gibbon and his group long enough for them to take time to think and talk. From this snowstorm discussion the idea of the trail rides being sponsored by the C.P.R. for all those interested in riding in the mountains was born.

TRIBUTE TO RAY BAGLEY

by

Linda Read Hawkins

This past February 14th, one of our oldest and dearest TRAIL RIDERS passed away. Ray Bagley was 93 years old in January 1973. Many of us remember him as "Uncle Ray". He always had a twinkle in his eyes and a very special smile with dimples showing. He truly enjoyed every moment of his life and while visiting him in the hospital during January he said, "Every day is a new day with so much to look forward to", and he was feeling sorry for the other patients who had to lie in bed and he said he thought he would write a special book to liven up their stay telling them of the old days. One of his favourite sayings has always been, "A few roses scattered along life's pathway are far better than a wreath on the grave." That is the way he lived his life and he certainly did have many true friends.

Ray was an honorary Life Member of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies and rode with them until he was 85. In the years to follow it was hard to keep him from the trails and often he came out to the corral at the end of a ride to see old friends and walk amongst the horses, calling each one by name. Many of us remember him so clearly, sitting in front of the fire on a tree stump in the do-nut tent reciting his own poems to the rest of the riders gathered around. His poems are about Alberta and the people as they were in THOSE OTHER DAYS! They are written from the heart and with great feeling for the outdoors, people, animals and life itself. There is a wonderful humor mixed in with these feelings that only Ray Bagley could portray. It is unusual to note that Uncle Ray had never written the poems out, but knew all the 175 to 100 poems by heart. Just five or six years ago they were finally written down and printed into a beautiful poetry book entitled, THOSE OTHER DAYS. This book is dedicated to his son, Bill Bagley, whom we all know so well, and to the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

Ray's memory and keen mind were unlike many of his age and he always said that memories were what kept him happy during the times when he was alone. For the past twelve years he lived with his foster daughter, Paula Hopkins. Paula works at the Foothills Hospital and Ray would say that his memories kept him content until Polly returned from the Salt Mines. While he was in hospital just recently, he was having his good and bad days, but once as I walked in to see him, I found he was out in the Solarium reciting some of his poems to the other patients.

Ray Bagley was born in 1880 in a little log cabin not far from Sidney, Iowa. His family moved on by covered wagon to Nebraska, on across the Dakotas, then across the Canadian border as far as Emerson, Manitoba and when he was 12 years old they had reached Lacombe, Alberta. He once told me a story about his teen-age years in Lacombe. He must have been 14 or 15 years of age when he and a friend rode out to a nearby Indian campsite. They had a long rope and each took an end. Then they let the horses go pell-mell toward the teepees to see how many they could knock down. But the prank ended quickly when the chief angrily came out to find the boys. Ray said he was in a lot of trouble with both the chief and his father!

Ray was the first man to introduce thoroughbred horses to the chuck wagon races at the Calgary Stampede and he won the races two years in succession.

cont'd..

Tribute to Ray Bagley....cont'd

Ray Bagley and his wife raised a family of six children and he had a ranch in the Crowsnest Pass. All Trail Riders and Trail Hikers who knew Ray Bagley will always remember him fondly.

Poems, "The Brewster Cayuse" and "The Wealth of Memory" were read by Linda to complete the tribute which was made at the Trail Riders and Skyline Hikers Round-up on Thursday, March 8, 1973.

* * * * *

RIDERS OF THE TRAIL

Let's drink a toast to those who ride
In the Rockies wild and grand.
The rivers, the lakes and the forests
Of that enchanted land.

by Bill Rice,
Waltham, Mass.

Come follow the trail to Assiniboine peak,
Or over the Palliser Pass.
Eight thousand feet up, in a snow storm,
You will feel the chill winds blast.

The trail winds over Simpson Ridge,
Then behold! a wondrous sight,
Mount Monarch of the Ranges High
In all his rugged might.

We can ford a river and feel the thrill,
When the further bank is dim.
Your cayuse is up to the saddle cinch
And maybe he will have to swim.

A herd of elk may cross our path,
To dash swiftly through the draw,
While high above some azure lake
You can watch the eagle soar.

A mother ptarmigan walking her brood
Tries out a dangerous feat
By attempting to run across the track
Almost under our horses' feet.

On the lower slopes of the ramparts
We see wild flowers grow.
While conspicuous in its beauty,
Brilliant Indian Paint Brush blow.

We return at length to campsite
Our saddles are stacked away
The cook yells, "Come and Get it!"
And thus ends a perfect day.

Twilight enfolds the Rockies now,
And the campfire casts its spell.
In its flickering light our voices blend
With the songs we love so well.

cont'd...

RIDERS OF THE TRAIL...cont'd

Night closes in on our teepee town
And spirits begin to lag,
Soon now, each happy rider
Will find teepee and sleeping bag.

Deep shadows engulf the base camp,
And night sounds are all around.
Coyotes howl in the distance
That wild and haunting sound.

A cougar on the mountain ridge,
May give forth with his fearsome cry,
That sounds like one in mortal fear
Some one who fears to die.

The moon shines through the forest,
And the creek makes music sweet,
Civilization seems far away
From the wilderness retreat.

So! A last toast to those riders all,
Where ever they may reside.
"May they thrill to those far blue Rockies
'Til they cross the Great Divide!"

* * * * *

WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND FRETFUL

by

Ray Bagley

When I was young and fretful
The years had hobbles on
Now they crowd the tape of time
So eager to be gone.

The goals that once I held in view
Do not seem to be
Vastly consequential
Or longer beckon me.

But friends are ever dearer
As shadows longer grow
Shining out as purest gold
In the sunset's glow.

Though I am plagued with rhumatiz
I'd ride a thousand mile
For the comfort of your friendship
Your handclasp and your smile.

From THOSE OTHER DAYS by the late Ray Bagley. Available in an attractive blue bound book from DeMille's book store in Calgary or the Art Den in Banff - \$3.50. Failing that you may be able to get a copy from Miss Paula Hopkins, 807 - 22nd Ave. N.E., Calgary 64, Alberta or phone 277-0673. Please include postage if you purchase from Paula.

CORRAL CORNER CHATTER

Charlie Riley, who has attended several trail rides and has worked in Banff many summers has gone to Australia. He has a degree in Business Administration and is enjoying his work in Sydney, Australia.

Mr. James Simpson, Sr. died in November, 1972 at the age of 94. He had lived in the park for many years and had founded Num-ti-ja Lodge in the late 1920's. He guided trips up to Saskatchewan Crossing and into the Icefields area before the Jasper Highway was built. He enjoyed the out-of-doors, telling stories of his early adventures in the Rockies, and people. He also had a talent for painting with water colors and a few people are lucky enough to have one of his paintings. He spent his summers at Bow Lake and Num-ti-ja. In earlier years he assisted with trail ride outfitting and it may have been the trail rides which were taken to Jasper, records are not quite clear. Mr. Simpson was pre-deceased by his wife, Mary, a daughter, and a grandson. He leaves one son, Jim, who operates Bow Lake's Num-ti-ja Lodge and one daughter. A great man of the mountains was he and he will be greatly missed by many who were pleased to catch a glimpse of him as he hustled about on the paths at Bow Lake or were indeed privileged to have a chat with this interesting person.

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"The two of us had quite a time camping in the Nahanni. We were grounded a bit by a grizzly, so we did not want to leave camp in case he destroyed the camp during our absence. We stayed three weeks and had snow on the mountains before we left. It is marvellous country but it is wild and very rough. We did not want to shoot the grizzly and he was a beautiful animal. I have camped out in the Arctic both winter and summer for pleasure (at Inuvik) and we have just finished a two day course on survival in the north here in the north (Yellowknife)." Jean Bishop.

* * * * *

Ray Bagley, horseman, trail rider, poet and friend to many, died February 14, 1973 at the age of 93, having been born in Iowa Jan. 18, 1880. He attended his first trail ride on a dare and was so pleased to meet so many interesting people that he sometimes went all the rides in a summer season. The funeral service was in Banff and burial at Canmore.

* * * * *

Roy Jamieson says he is still trying for the Townsend Trophy and really missed not getting out on a trail ride in 1972.

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LIFE MEMBERSHIPS ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE TRAIL RIDERS' Secretary Treasurer upon payment of \$25.00 if the rider has attended at least enough camps to have ridden 500 miles. The late R. H. Palenske, rider, of Woodstock, Illinois, designed the beautiful scroll type membership certificate which you will be proud to frame and hang for others to see.

BUTTONS AND CRESTS - Button and safety clasp pin styles; Bronze (50 mi) \$2.50; Silver (100 miles) \$3.50; Silver and Enamel (250 miles) \$4.00; Gold (500 miles) \$5.00; Gold and Enamel (1,000 miles) \$6.00; all enamel (2,500 miles) \$6.00. The colorful felt crests (4 inches in diameter) are priced at \$3.50 each.

BRING AN EXTRA SUPPLY OF FILM -- YOU ARE SURE TO NEED IT!

DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH TRAIL RIDERS

"I was out on a trail ride with Caroline Hinman, Jim Boyce, who was our guide and outfitter and I remember Jim telling us about the start of the trail riding group and several of us signed up through him - I think I have only been on one ride - the one at Eohippus Lake where seven of us stood up all night around the fire! I attended one pow-wow at Hillsdale with Mrs. Vaux, George Vaux's mother, the year that he was president and it would be in the 1930's." (Miss Lillian Gest, Wynnewood, Pa. was on the 1924 ride passenger list).

"I wasn't on the first trail ride but Claude was. I believe the outfitters were Bill Potts and Soapy Smith. Col. and Mrs. Phil Moore were there too. Mrs. Phil (Pearl Brewster) Moore and Mrs. Jim Brewster are over in Hawaii now. " (Mrs. Claude (Ruth) Brewster, Banff, Alta.

"I was pleased to get the Bulletins and am glad to see that the idea is being kept alive. It was simpler for Murray Gibbon to get the organizations going as he had a multi-million dollar company behind him. He was a fine man and did a real job of it and it was a hobby with him. I did the first Trail Hike Catering but I think I got into Trail Ride work about the third year." (F.O. "Pat" Brewster, Banff, Alberta)

"I submit my 2500 mile trail ride button as some proof of my love for every one of those mountains as well as the valleys. Rocky mountain air is a positive cure for anemia or any other trouble one may have. I have always found Jasper interesting. It was so long ago that beaver came up from the lake and cavorted around my cabin, that was long before the fire. I had a nice time there with Major Fred Brewster, who drove me all over the place.

One of the finest spots on the continent is Mount Robson, my small daughter and I spent a lot of time at the ranch where they were raising mink. It is a fine ride out to Berg Lake and one of the most beautiful. I once stopped at the cabin on Kinney Lake when two lads, including Mr. Kinney arrived after an unsuccessful attempt to climb Mt. Robson. About ten of us took cabins there and we explored, finding trilobites and also climbing around on Tumbling Glacier. The ice that floated in the lake just refused to melt, so we had ice in our cocktails for nearly a week without rounding up additional bergs. I think that Emperor Falls which we pass on the way to Berg Lake is a masterpiece.

I like Skoki very much too. I have camped there on many occasions; the fishing is good and there are plenty of wild animals that always appear. On one occasion Elizabeth Rummel was the hostess and on another Jim Boyce was the host. It was there that a grizzly bear with her two cubs came to the kitchen window at a breakfast time and gave us quite a thrill." (Marshall H. Diverty, Woodbury, New Jersey)

"I recall when Murray Gibbon brought his daughter on a trail ride, in 1946 and we had a portable organ for the music around the campfire. Three generations of our family have been trail riders, Dr. and Mrs. Riley, Patricia Riley Waite and Rory and Riley Waite, all of Calgary. " (Mrs. Phyllis Riley, Calgary, Alberta)

Dr. Murray Gibbon, his daughter Ann and her little daughter, known as "Minkie" attended a Trail Ride one year, possibly 1946, making three generations on a particular trail ride.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR J. W. GRANT MACEWAN'S MESSAGE TO TRAIL RIDERS

As the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies prepare to celebrate their 50th Anniversary of good, wholesome adventure in the outdoors, I offer my hearty congratulations.

I have not had the opportunity to be an active participant but I look with envy upon those outings with good companions, good horses and the very choicest of natural surroundings. That is a rare combination of gifts at any time. I discovered long ago that the world never looks as rich and wonderful as it does from the back of a good horse and I know that the Trail Riders share my view.

It is reassuring to see that man's historic association with the horse is being maintained. There were those false prophets in the early years of mechanization who foretold that the horse would disappear. We know now that that state of affairs will never come to pass. Man and horse travelled together throughout history and I have a conviction that much of man's moral strength and fibre have come from that association.

My earnest hope is that the Trail Riders will continue to ride and that Canada's good riding countryside will continue to offer that grandeur which is good medicine for body, soul and spirit.

* * * * *

HORSE CHATTER TRIBUTE

The Trail Ride is great, we all agree to that and we think it is great to meet so many such fine people who are novice in the saddle or who are leather worn from years in the saddle. But where would we be without our equestrian companion on the trails. The horse adds much glamor to trail rides as well as the necessary transportation. The horse is always a great topic of conversation, who needs the weather to talk about on a trail ride, we talk about our horses, his gait, whether he is rough, smooth, and if he likes to steal a few bites of grass along the trail, or how he nipped the horse in front, etc. But we feel a certain amount of affection for that animal who is so patient with us, carries us over the rocks, the streams and is sure-footed on those steep trails.

Perhaps if we understood horse chatter, we would learn many things from the horses' points of view when they go out to pasture in the evening. But we are not clever enough to understand that particular form of communication so we will dispense with that part and simply express our real appreciation to the Wonderful Horse who makes a Trail Ride in the Rockies possible.

Horses have been one of man's companions throughout history. Children, writers, poets and many others love horses and many interesting expressions have been uttered or written about horses. Here are a few:

"Oh, For a Horse with Wings" from Shakespeare's Cymbeline. "A Horse, A Horse, My Kingdom for a Horse," from Shakespeare's Richard III. John George White-Melville (1821-1878) said, "In the choice of a horse, and a wife, a man must please himself, ignoring the opinion and advice of friends."

"That is a horse of another color", "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth:", "Don't put the cart before the horse," and "Why close the stable after the horse is stolen".

"HOOFPRIENTS AND HITCHINGPOSTS"

by
Lt. Gov. J. W. Grant MacEwan
(Excerpts)

The above mentioned book was written by Mr. MacEwan and published by the Modern Press, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan in 1964. It contains history of the development of the horse over the years and the various services rendered for man through time, as well as many very interesting stories which horse lovers would enjoy. Any one interested in purchasing such a book could obtain it at any book store in this province or an order to Evelyn de Mille's book store in Calgary would secure you a copy.

"Writing about horses is a labor of love. It's like writing about an old friend who has lived long, and dangerously and gained in personality attractiveness. It's also like portraying a friend for whom the author feels a great sense of indebtedness and gratitude.

Clearly, the extremes of fortune experienced by horses over a very long period set the race apart. It's a forty million year association with North American soil and just about everything conceivable has happened to horses; spectacular, evolutionary changes, extinction of the wild race in this Western Hemisphere, re-introduction in a domesticated state, inheritance of an essential place in agriculture and industry, decline in the face of mechanization and, finally, return to popularity for the light breeds.

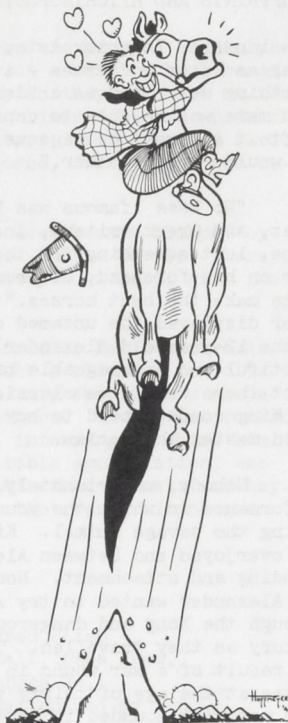
Inevitably, the story intrudes upon geology, archaeology, history, agriculture, recreation and art.

Horse fortunes rose and fell in spectacular ways but, throughout history, one quality remained remarkably constant: the human fondness for good and beautiful and reliable horses. For no other animals -- unless they be dogs -- has man displayed such feeling and attachment."

"Without the warm and majestic presence of the horse, the course of history would have been strangely different -- and immensely more dull. Genghis Khan and Alexander the Great and a host of others with familiar names might have been no more than home-town heroes. As a common pedestrian, Ben Hur would have performed no exploits worth of memory. The Hun, Attila, fighting on foot, would be forgotten quickly. For Napoleon there'd be no grand campaigns, and in the Crimea -- no Charge of the Light Brigade.

Even in the New World it is difficult to think of progress in the absence of Mounted Police, cowboys, stage-coaches, covered wagons, school ponies and millions of draughters in farm fields."

"Some of history's mounts became as well known as the human leaders who rode them. The spotted war horse, Rakush, sharing the glory of ancient victories with the immortal Rustem, inspired the poets. Foaled on the



PEOPLE LOVE US!
ESPECIALLY
TRAIL RIDERS!

"HOOFPRIINTS AND HITCHINGPOSTS" Excerpts continued...

grasslands of Interior Asia, the colt's pedigree, allegedly, and as unusual as later successes - a man-killing mare of Ferghana for a dam and something described as a "demon" for sire. Only when Rustem slew the wild mare was he able to capture and break the colt, ultimately the swiftest and most courageous warhorse of his time. The conquering Rustem would ride no other."

"No less famous was Bucephalus, dashing steed of Alexander the Great, and Greek writers, inspired by the animal's speed and graceful shape, left something for the record. Bucephalus, a black and white star on his forehead, offered support for an old maxim that "the wildest colts make the best horses." Hoping for a rewarding sale, the Thessalian owner displayed the untamed colt before King Philip of Macedonia, father of the 12-year-old Alexander. At first the King was unimpressed by the beautiful and unmanageable brute, but Alexander was captivated. No doubt there were some classical horse trading negotiations and, finally, the King condescended to buy the spirited colt if Alexander believed he could master the outlaw.

Nobody, unfortunately, recorded details about the bronk-riding performance in which the young man succeeded in riding and partially taming the savage animal. King Philip, having settled at a high figure, was overjoyed and between Alexander and Bucephalus there grew understanding and attachment. None but Alexander ever rode the horse; none but Alexander wanted to try riding him. Inseparable, man and horse went through the long and dangerous war campaigns in Persia and India, making history as they travelled. The horse died in 339 B.C. but whether it was the result of a war wound in Northern India or simply death by natural causes at the age of thirty years is not clear. One story has it that when mortally wounded in battle, Bucephalus carried Alexander to safety and then expired. In any case, on Alexander's orders, a city bearing the name of the horse was built near the River Hydraspes, a monument to a great horse and a great loyalty between a man and his horse."

"One may try to imagine what the Canadian frontier would have been without horses -- without the ones hauling passengers and mail and supplies, without saddle stock for the Mounted Police who brought order to a lawless area, without cow ponies, without the school ponies entrusted with the transportation of boys and girls, horses for work in grain fields, teams to haul wheat to elevators and even horses for the fun of a race."

"Every rural resident in the heyday of farm horses could name some individual animal which because of personality or intelligence or faithful service, commanded special admiration and affection. Such a horse was Jack, unglamorous white gelding which hauled successive generations of children to a rural Manitoba school. He knew the route, knew how fast to jog, knew about stopping when a child fell out of the buggy. After delivering his charges within the school grounds at nine o'clock in the morning he would bring the empty buggy back to the farm, alone, and at thirty minutes before the time of school dismissal in the afternoon, Jack would be hitched and started, without driver, on the route he knew so well. Regardless of what small novice took up the reins, Jack's buggy in the course of twenty years never hit a gatepost and no child entrusted to him was ever injured. Honorary degrees have been conferred upon candidates with less to show in the cause of education."

"There was Shorty, another of the innumerable school ponies to earn gratitude and recognition. It was western Saskatchewan and a bad

Shorty...cont'd

December storm blew in without warning. Temperature dropped suddenly as driving snow came in on the gale. The teacher at a rural school became worried and decided to dismiss her pupils early so they might be on their way home while there was daylight. But as the blizzard became worse she wondered if she should allow the children to start. Ten-year-old David had three miles to go but he always rode his horse, Shorty, and was determined to be on his way.

As David rode with face to the storm he soon became blinded by the freezing shafts of snow and numbed by cold. Unable to see, there was nothing for it but to drop the reins on Shorty's withers, give the brute his head and hope for the best.

As Shorty plunged on through the fresh drifts, David's parents became alarmed but realized that a search in such a blizzard would be futile. They gazed anxiously into the driving snow and finally saw a dark shadow pass the house and move toward the barn. The father rushed out and pulled his chilled boy from the horse, intending to whisk him to the warm farm kitchen. But the lad, with admirable appreciation, was not ready to go -- not until Shorty was given his feed of oats and hay. Asked if he were frightened, the boy replied: "Not very. I thought Shorty would bring me home."

"Remember him.

 Somewhere in God's Own Space

 There must be some sweet pastured Place

 Where creeks sing on and tall trees grow,

 Some Paradise where horses go,

 For by the love that guides my pen

 I know great horses live again."

Thus, ends the Tribute to the Trail Riders' equestrian companion of the mountain trails. It is a Golden tribute to the Trail Ride Horse, the Pack Horse and the Guide's Horse and to all the Horses which make our mountain vacations possible and memorable.

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WHAT IS A WILDLIFE BIOLOGIST

(Taken from Field, Horse and Rodeo, July, 1963 by the late Tom Primrose)

An anonymous riter in the Washington State Game Bulletin gives this definition of a wildlife biologist:

"The wildlife biologist is an amateur sportsman with a college degree. There are two types of biologists. One type believes in keeping abreast of those dynamic movements of the present day that challenges the best efforts of the nation's thinkers. The other type bands ducks, checks fishermen, and wears old clothes. "Some biologists have offices, some live in cites, and some work in the woods. Lots of biologists spend practically their entire lives in God's great out-of-doors. They love to hunt and fish. They would, too--if they only had the time." "It used to be that a biologist wore a big Stetson hat, carried a gun on his hip, and a flask in his pocket. Nowadays, big Stetson hats are worn only in the movies, and you hardly ever see a biologist carrying a gun." "An interesting thing too about a biologist's life is that he meets all kinds of people; from hobos to millionaires. It is not uncommon for a biologist to have the privilege

of personally doing a favor for a millionaire sportsman. However, there is no record of a millionaire ever doing favors for a biologist. But even if a biologist does not make much money, it is nice steady work.

Another satisfactory thing about a biologist's career is that he is his own master, absolutely independent and answerable to no one for his professional conduct. That is, except to his wife, ladies' garden clubs, sportsmen's organizations, nature lovers, newspaper editors and local politicians.

"Wildlife biology is a pleasant profession because it is so easy to get ahead. Many biologists graduate from college with only a few debts, and immediately get a job and a wife. In about ten years time, in addition to the same job and the same wife, they have lots more debts and five kids. That is why biologists are so happy."

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TRAIL RIDE HISTORY SINCE 1961 TO 1973

by

Howard Watkins, President

The year 1973 is the 50th anniversary of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies. I have been asked to record my memories of the organization since the separation from the Canadian Pacific Railway, in 1961. I well remember the meeting that Fred Laidlaw, then Secretary-Treasurer of the Trail Riders and Skyline Hikers, called to take over the assets and the books of the two organizations from the C.P.R. The meeting held at Banff Springs Hotel, formally took over the organizations from the C.P.R. However, one very important question arose. Who owned the teepees, the dining ware, sleeping bags, blankets, etc. My argument was that the two associations did, as I was along with the C.P.R. representative, Mr. Graham Nichols, responsible for the purchase of all these assets over a three year period. From 1956 to 1959 the purchases were made. The funds were supplied by the C.P.R. but my understanding at the time the purchase was made that it constituted a gift by them. Having been elected the President of the Trail Riders in July, 1961, I felt it was my duty to write to the President of the C.P.R., Mr. N. R. Crump to explain our position regarding the assets. Here is Mr. Crump's reply, and it seemed our assumption that the associations owned the equipment was in error but the associations had no funds and Mr. Crump understood the situation.

"Dear Mr. Watkins,

November 13, 1961.

As you know, in recent years Canadian Pacific purchased certain equipment which has been used by the Trail Riders and the Trail Hikers Associations of the Canadian Rockies. This equipment is now under the control of Mr. W. G. Harvey, Manager of the Banff Springs Hotel, who has estimated its value at some \$2,000. odd.

In recognition of the fact that the Associations are not profit making groups and have restricted funds, I have decided to transfer title to the equipment to the Associations. So that this may be completed in a business-like way, my suggestion is that you, through your executive or legal adviser, get in touch with Mr. W. G. Harvey and Mr. D. B. Hodges, of the Canadian Pacific Law Department in Calgary to finalize the matter.

I am also sending a similar letter to Miss Mary S. Lore, Acting Secretary of the Skyline Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

Yours very truly,

"N. R. Crump"

TRAIL RIDE HISTORY....Cont'd

This was indeed a kind and generous action and enabled the two associations to carry on. Next we had to take physical possession of the equipment. I made several trips with my station wagon to Banff and stored the teepees, dining ware and other equipment in my residence basement. We had enough money for brochures, stamps and stationery for the 1962 season but it was a narrow squeak. Mr. Lou Shulman had volunteered to take on the job of Secretary Treasurer. This was a tremendous job. To start from scratch on the mailing lists, the correspondence with trail ride enquiries and the thousand one other details, all the while we were operating on a very limited budget. A new constitution had been drawn up by Lou Shulman, Bunny Robinson, Jack Waite and myself. Many changes were made, the association registered as a non-profit society in Alberta and British Columbia and insurance policies acquired. We had quite a time of it. However, the 1962 rides were a success and we ended the year with a bit more money. ONce again I had the dubious pleasure of storing the teepees in my basement. Only this time the teepees were shipped to me in a very wet condition. Wet canvas mildews and rots away. So I had to dry them somehow. Each day I hauled them out to my backyard, draped and strung them over the fence to let the sun dry them. At night I had to bring them in under cover. This went for a period of three weeks, taking them in and out of the basement daily.

The teepees needed water proofing in the worst way. A leaky teepee is a miserable thing. I spent almost six weeks on this job trying to organize a method whereby the job could be done efficiently and at a price the associations could afford. Finally the job was done and oh what a difference it made next summer, when the rains came.

I was President from July 1961 to December, 1962. The incoming president, Mrs. Bunny Robinson was a tower of strength to the association. The Trail Ride in 1961 was in the Helmet Creek area with the campsite on MacArthur Creek. In 1962 we were in the Baker Lake area. I was the Camp Director on three of the four rides held in those years.

* * * * *

Howard Watkins, Calgary, an enthusiastic out-or-doors person and a more enthusiastic fishermen and heaven help the little fish when he gets in there with bait, rod and reel. Howard went on his first trail ride in 1954 and has not missed once since that time. In fact many summers he has gone on up to three in a summer to act as Camp Director. This will be his twentieth consistent year of trail riding - which is a record that cannot be attested to by anyone else at the present time.

Howard has given freely of his time to the association and has had many ideas and suggestions for its improvement through the years which he and others have been able to carry out.

Howard and his lovely wife June, have three sons. The boys have taken music lessons and have played at the campfire sessions on trail rides so it is a family affair.

Howard was President of the Trail Riders in 1961 and 1962 and it is a fitting tribute by his fellow trail riders that he should have the honor and responsibility of the "Golden Rides Anniversary Year."

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TO ALL THOSE WHO OVER THE LAST FIFTY YEARS HAVE PARTICIPATED, CONTRIBUTED, AND ENJOYED TRAILING RIDING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, THIS EDITION IS DEDICATED.



Dr. John Murray Gibbon
founded the Rides and first
rides were 1924.



PRESIDENT
HOWARD WATKINS 1973
Active in Trail Rides —
1954 - 1973



Taken in 1924 on the first
rides, Pow Wow at Yoho.
Sec.-Treas. Murray Gibbon.
Hon. Pres. C. D. Walcott.
Hon. Guide Tom Wilson.



A Trail Riders Favourite Area - Mount Assiniboine and Magog Lake

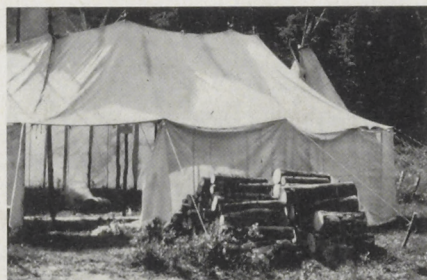


Creek Crossing

(W. Jones)



Home away from Home (V. Newcombe)



Campfire Time in the Donut